

*M. B. W.*  
T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
M I S S D O R I N D A C A T S B Y,  
A N D  
M I S S E M I L I A F A U L K N E R :

In a Series of LETTERS.

In two VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXII.





## LETTER I.

MISS CATSBY, to MISS JENNY  
CLAYTON.

B—,

**W**OULD you believe it, my dear, your friend is metamorphosed into a mere country damsel; I am quite in raptures with my rural situation.—You will doubtless be surprised at this extra-

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ordina-

ordinary change in my disposition, as you was witness to the regret with which I left London; but my father's bad state of health has lately brought me to a more serious way of thinking.—The physicians think it necessary that he should continue in the country the greatest part of the summer—I am pitched upon to be the companion of his solitude, and have, without any reluctance, bid adieu to each enchanting scene of gaiety for three months at least—You can't imagine, Jenny, how delightfully our villa is situated—the most romantic and luxuriant fancy cannot describe half the beauties of this charm-

charming spot——The house stands upon a rising hill, which commands the most beautiful and extensive prospect—On one side is a large wood full of spreading oaks, the branches of which are entwined with roses and woodbine; the walks are interspersed with flowery shrubs, and variegated with tufts of flowers :

“ The twining jessamine here, and blush-  
“ ing rose,

“ With lavish grace their morning sweets  
“ disclose;

“ The smelling tubrose, and junquill  
“ declare

“ The stronger impulse of the evening  
“ air.”

The

The birds warbling forth their artless notes, compose the most delightful harmony—art has here no share—but nature reigns throughout the whole——

Several little rivulets run meandering through the wood, and, meeting at the foot of a bank of flowers, form a natural cascade——The walk at the entrance of this charming retreat is terminated by a hermitage overgrown with moss and ivy——The solemn gloom of this place always strikes me with a kind of sacred awe—My father is grown immensely fond of this little retreat,



treat, and spends the greatest part of his time there.—

I am not without my amusements too—though in the country—My time is generally spent either at my harpsichord or in my library, which though small, is furnished with some of the best authors:—No girl can boast a more indulgent father than your Dorinda; before we came down he had every apartment fitted up in the most genteel and elegant taste—I have not yet been to church, when I have, I imagine we shall have most of the neighbouring families to visit us—I intend next Sunday

day to make my appearance among the good folks—A new face, Jenny, has irresistible charms—I make no doubt but I shall make some few conquests among the rural swains.—Our family now consists only of two fresh colour'd country girls, a coachmen and two footmen, one of the former serves me in quality of Abigail—Was you to see the simplicity with which she views me while I am dressing, it would highly divert you.—As I was sitting the other morning at my toilette, happening to turn my head, I caught Sally with her hands lifted up, as if in surprise, as I was putting on

my cap ; I suppose the uncommon size of it had excited her admiration, and occasioned her to lift up her hands and eyes to heaven, as if in ejaculation—I could not refrain from an immoderate fit of laughter at her ignorance.

As soon as my mirth was over, I asked her some questions concerning the neighbourhood—She informed me that Sir George Selvyn, a young baronet, with a very large estate, had a seat within a mile of us, and that the widow of Sir William Meadows, (a very worthy lady) and her daughters resided at B—— the greatest part of the year;

B 4      this

this piece of intelligence gives me no small pleasure, as I propose myself a great deal of happiness in the society of the young ladies, if they answer the description I have heard of them—My Jenny must not now expect any great variety in my letters—no Renelagh nor Vauxhall parties—true rustic simplicity will be my constant theme.

I am even grown so unfashionable as to rise early, and go to bed before midnight—To give you a proof of this extraordinary change, it is now but just eleven, and all our family are wrapped in the arms of balmy sleep except myself.

Methinks I hear you exclaim—is  
this



this the same Dorinda, that was once so fond of routs, plays, and midnight parties!—Oh hideous—it never can be her!——But indeed, my gay friend, it is the same, and, however chang'd in sentiment, have still the pleasure to assure my dearest Jenny, that I am, with the greatest respect, her sincere, though

absent friend,

DORINDA CATSBY.

# LETTER H.

*From the Same to the Same.*

**G**ood heaven, Jenny!—I have the most whimsical adventure to acquaint you with—I was

yesterday sauntering through the wood, reading my favourite author, (Cowley) and was just seating myself under the shady branches of a friendly oak, to shield me from the scorching beams of the sun, when, looking up, on a sudden I perceived the sky was overcast, and black clouds were gathering that threatened an impending storm.— I immediately left my verdant seat, and was hastening towards the house, to avoid the shower—when, O dire mischance—my ruffle, which was of a very fine Brussels, caught in a thicket—I was trying to disentangle myself, when a young gentleman, who was crossing the adjoin-

adjoining meadow, came up to me  
 and offered his assistance—I suffer-  
 ed him to disengage me from the  
 hedge, and thanked him for his as-  
 sistance—but, I believe, look'd very  
 silly—he took no notice of my con-  
 fusion, but, with a great deal of  
 politeness, begg'd leave to wait on  
 me home ; for indeed, madam, ad-  
 ded he, “ To this incident, trifi-  
 “ ing as it may appear, I shall date  
 “ all my future happiness or misery :  
 “ it is that which has introduced  
 “ me to the most lovely of her  
 “ sex—If, madam, I offend by my in-  
 “ trusion on your solitude, I shall  
 “ think myself very unfortunate.”—  
 Inded, Sir, replied I, (with a great  
 deal

deal of vivacity) you may be very easy on that head——Its impossible to be offended with any one for defending us from an enemy, though no other than a mischievous bramble; and if there required any apology, I believe it would be most necessary on my side, as through me you have been detained from an agreeable walk——“ Charms like  
 “ yours, madam, have power to make  
 “ every place agreeable—to a contemplative mind there may be a  
 “ particular pleasure in being alone—but I always prefer the society of the fair sex to that of the  
 “ muses.”——A great deal more conversation in the same strain ensued,



fued, till we had almost reached  
 the house—In passing the hermi-  
 tage I espied my father;—on see-  
 ing a gentleman with me, he ap-  
 proached, and my beau very gen-  
 teely addressed him with the com-  
 pliments of the day—they entered  
 immediately into a familiar chat up-  
 on the fineness of the season, and  
 the beauties of the prospect—when  
 we came to the gate he was going  
 to take his leave, but my father  
 greatly intreated him to take a din-  
 ner with us—this request was com-  
 plied with, as soon as asked; and I  
 then took an opportunity of retiring  
 to dress.—As I was going into my  
 dressing room I met Sally, she in-  
 formed

formed me that my spark was the very Sir George Selvyn that she had before mentioned—"Is not he  
 "very handsome, ma'am?"—said the innocent girl—I could hardly help smiling at her simplicity—but told her I did not see any thing extraordinary in his person;—tho', believe me, Jenny, I felt a secret pleasure in finding I was likely to make so considerable a conquest.—  
 I dressed myself with a careless negligence, but as becoming as possible, and tripped down into the parlour—my father and Sir George was in close conference—I have since learnt that my ladyship was their subject.—It seems Sir George  
 fancies

fancies himself in love, and I have the honour to be the object of his passion—Surely the poor man must have a very susceptible heart—for I am not vain enough to think myself so very striking a figure—But stay, let me throw away my pen, and appeal to my faithful mirror——oh, tolerable—the man certainly has no bad taste—But where am I rambling—after dinner Sir George took his leave, with telling me in a half whisper, that, with my papa's permission, he should call on me again;—"For indeed, Miss Carsby," continued he in a still lower voice, "my future happiness depends only on  
 " your

“ your smiles.”—The friends of  
 my papa, Sir, will always be es-  
 teemed by me——“ And as one of  
 “ them, Dorinda, I would have  
 “ you acknowledge Sir George Sel-  
 “ vyn, (says my father) though not  
 “ personally acquainted with him  
 “ till this morning—I have heard  
 “ very great encomiums on his merit,  
 “ and as our estates lie so contigu-  
 “ ous, I hope he will favour us  
 “ with his company very often.”—  
 This was no small encouragement  
 to my beau, and I make no doubt  
 but he will take the first opportuni-  
 ty of shewing us that this proposal  
 is far from being disagreeable to  
 him.—When he was gone, my fa-  
 ther



ther ran on greatly in his praise,  
 and seems to propose himself a great  
 deal of pleasure in this new ac-  
 quaintance.—I suppose, my dear,  
 by this time you are impatient to  
 know what effect this little adven-  
 ture has upon the heart of your  
 Dorinda——positively none——  
 not one gentle sigh has yet told me  
 that I love——No, no, my dear, I  
 am not so soon captivated—if ever  
 I am caught, it will not be by ex-  
 ternal beauties—I cannot yet form  
 any idea of Sir George's interior  
 charms, when I do, I may perhaps  
 alter my sagacious sentiments; but  
 I think it would not be amiss to  
 give you the portrait of my hero—

Tall

Tall and majestic; his hair a fine dark brown—a brow beautiful as if pencil'd—and eyes——oh, Jenny, I dare not go on any longer in my description——if you should chance to be in a pensive mood, the blind god may perhaps throw in a dart, and I may lose my spark,

Adieu,

D. CATSBY.

### LETTER III.

*Miss CLAYTON, to Miss DORINDA*  
CATSBY.

My dear DORINDA,

**I**F thou art she—but oh, how changed!—Why, my dear, there

there is not one sentiment throughout your epistle that speaks you to be in your sober senses—I really have a great inclination to write to Mr. Catby, that he may have proper care taken of you—your descriptions of the rural scenes exceed even the enthusiastic raptures of a mad brain poet—It has absolutely put me into a most dreadful fit of the vapours—And then your sentimental resolutions against love—a most laudable example—it seems you have learnt to govern your passions—I am sure, child, these refined notions must come upon you by inspiration—Had you been born in the days of Arcadia,

you

you would certainly have kept a flock of sheep—But my Dorinda, I find, has not yet lost all her vanity—I give you joy, my dear, of your new conquest—Oh what great advantages may you acquire, by being the lady of a country baronet—Lady Selvyn will be a true pattern of piety and conjugal felicity—How happy will you be in the acquaintance of Mrs. S——, the spouse of your parish clergyman, and the home-spun daughters of your tenants—Once in the year you will perhaps condescend to honour London with your presence, if it is only to learn the fashions—Don't be frightened, my dear, at this proposal—



posal—I do'nt presume to imagine you will be so prophane as to enter a theatre or opera-house—but you will, perhaps, favour me with a visit, *en passant*, and preach to me of the wickedness of the age—then drawing your pretty face into the most serious form, make a comparison between the innocent pastimes of the country, and the horrid dissipation and vices of the town.—Are not you quite delighted with this charming prospect my dear?—But to throw aside raillery, it gives me a great deal of pleasure to hear that my dear Dorinda is so happy in her rural situation.—I shall certainly pay you a visit before you quit

quit this millennium retreat—for such it must be to answer your description.—I was last night at Ranelagh, but met with nothing new.—The same powder'd coxcombs, and common place compliments: In short, nothing pleased me—Lovel was absent—perhaps that was the deficiency.—The wimfical wretch has lately been very assiduous in his visits to Miss Dawson.—I can't think what the men see in that girl:—She certainly is no great beauty—Heaven knows what superior attractions she is mistress of!—But she rivals half the town.—I had heard of the perfidiousness of Lovel, long before

before I belived it ; but happening to be at Vauxhall one evening, who should enter the gardens but he, dragging his new flame upon his arm.—I was very much chagrin'd, Dorinda, at this public affront to my love ; but was resolved he should not see the effect it had upon me.—I assumed a *gaiete de coeur*, that was very painful to myself, and went home with a full resolution to be denied to him the next time he came.—But alas ! how frail is human resolutions :—He came—I saw, and instantly forgave him—and presuming on my easy and forgiving disposition, the wretch has had the assurance to offend

offend again.—But if ever I again receive him into favour, may I never make another conquest.—Farewel, my dearest friend;—I shall conclude this letter with telling you, which I dare say your friendship for me makes you solicitous to know, that I am in good health, and under no uneasiness, but that which arises at my absence from my dear Dorinda.—Mamma and Louisa join in compliments.

I am,

my dear girl,

ever your's,

J. CLAYTON.

LET-



LETTER IV.

Sir GEORGE SELVYN, to CHARLES  
WILLOUGHBY, *Esq;*

*Selvyn-Hall,*

BY all that's sacred Charles, I am  
caught—me who have so long  
withstood all the attacks of love!  
—Oh! Charles your most voluptu-  
ous thoughts cannot paint half the  
beauties of the lovely maid.—If she  
frowns on me, farewell to every  
of happiness.—Forbid it all  
ye powers of love!—I know ye  
will laugh at this love-like strain,

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so

so contrary to my usual stile. But, was you to see the charming object, you would, like me, be ready to fall down and worship her. By heavens, when first I saw her, I thought it was some Sylvan deity that inhabited the woods.—Picture to yourself how great must be my surprize—I was walking in a grove, at some distance from Selvyn Hall; when of a sudden, as I was casting my eyes around to take a view of the charming prospect, just at the side of the wood, there appeared one of the most beautiful women my eyes ever beheld.—I stood for some time motionless, before I could persuade myself she was mortal—  
when

when I perceived she was endeavouring to disengage herself from the hedge, I flew with transport to her assistance.—Upon the sight of a stranger in that unfrequented path, a lovely blush overspread her beauteous cheek, and made her look if possible more lovely.—She was dressed in a fine sprigged India muslin night-gown, and white fatten petticoat, a chip hat, with pale rose coloured ribbons, shaded her charming face; her fine blue eyes, enlivened with the most bewitching vivacity, spoke inexpressible softness.—Its not in my power to do sufficient justice to her charms. Oh! had I the pen of Raphael, I might

might then perhaps describe her,  
lovely as she is :

——“ So lovely fair,  
“ That what seem'd fair in all the world  
“ beside,  
“ Seem'd now mean, or in her sum'd up,  
“ in her contained ;  
“ And in her looks, which from the first  
“ infus'd  
“ Sweetness into my heart, unfelt  
“ before.”

Methinks I hear you tell me to  
throw aside this nonsense, and  
speak in more intelligible terms.  
—Have patience boy—in plain  
English, the goddess that has  
wrought this miracle, is a Miss  
Catsby ;—her father has acquired  
a very large fortune by merchan-  
dize, but on account of a bad  
state



state of health, is retired to his country seat, about a mile from Selvyn Hall.—He appears to be a very worthy man, and is desirous of an intimacy while I continue in the country ; a circumstance for me the most fortunate in the world, as I shall by that means, have frequent opportunities of conversing with his amiable daughter.—If the beauties of her mind, are equal to those of her person, she will be an acquisition, worth the purchase of the Indies.—But stay,—where am I running?—Her heart may perhaps be in the possession of another.—Oh! Charles, I that always thought myself so secure of conquest,

quest, have absolutely lost all my vanity.—Write to me my friend, and tell me how to conquer this folly.—But, be not too harsh in your reproofs.—Remember there may come a time, when all your boasted fortitude will only serve to make you then appear more silly.

Adieu!

your's,

GEORGE SELVYN.

LET-

LETTER V.

CHALES WILLOUGHBY, *Esq.* to  
Sir GEORGE SELVYN.

*S. Abbey, ———shire.*

FOR shame, George, rouse thyself out of this stupid lethargy.—To fall in love seriously, is no better then to play the fool.—I'll allow your goddess to be possessed of all the beauties of her sex.—But what then? was she a Venus, she's not worth fighting for.—If you are determined on the pursuit, throw aside your cringing submissive airs, (for women never fail to make their  
advan-

advantage of them) present her with a *cart blanche*, and let her make her own terms; for I do not imagine you are so weak, as to think of making her lady Selvyn. —No, no, my friend, let marriage be the last mad thing you do. —The charms of all the sex united in one woman, I should not think sufficient to compensate for the loss of my liberty; —give me the charms of dear variety.

“ What if you think that Charlotte’s  
“ fair,

“ And happy in a lovely air;

“ Pray is not Lucy lovely too?

“ Must I no other game pursue? —

“ Then Selvyn let us rove at large,

“ If call’d inconstant—own the charge.—

“ Each



“ Each pretty youthful nymph pursue,  
 “ And give to beauty, beauty’s due.—  
 “ Proclaim your passion, sigh your flame,  
 “ And melt each maid and amorous dame.  
 “ But, ah! my friend, the danger shun,  
 “ And never set your heart on one ;  
 “ Else will your blinded reason stray,  
 “ Just where a woman leads the way ;  
 “ By roving you will never fall,  
 “ Be conquer’d by, and conquer all.”

Miss Catsby may have many external and internal attractions ; it would be injustice to deny her what is really her due.—But I cannot, by any means, think constancy a lover’s virtue.—Take my advice, make love to all; but marry none.—A multiplicity of mistresses, is a sure defence against the injuries of

one:—It is time enough to think of entering into the matrimonial yoke, some ten years hence.—What a terrible transition must it be to a man of spirit, to sink all at once, into a plodding domestic animal of a husband!—One who had always before been stiled a man of gallantry, to lose the favour of all the rest of the sex, and confine himself to the conversation of one woman. If he goes out, the dear creature is under the greatest anxiety 'till his return; always full of groundless suspicions: For where there is love, that green eyed monster, jealously is sure to interfere.—You must either deprive yourself of all

con-

conversation with the beau monde, or be obliged always to give an account to the dear partner of your heart, where you have been—what company there was—and a thousand other interrogatories of the like nature.—Do you think George, you could forgo all other happiness, and be contented in this domestic happy life.—I am sure the picture I have given you, is enough to deter you from any more thoughts of matrimony.—But, I dare say, I shall have the happiness of hearing that my friend has altered his sentiments ; or by all that's good Selvyn, you will intirely forfeit my friendship.—I am going to Scarborough

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borough for a couple of months—you know where to direct.—I have prevailed upon Clarinda to accompany me.—The poor girl still remains in expectation of being my bride—But believe me George, I understand my cards better.—

“ These fix’d resolves my friend,

“ I to the grave will carry ;

“ With every nymph I’ll toy and play,

“ But, hang me if I marry.

Your’s,

C. WILLOUGHBY.

L E T-

LETTER VI.

*Miss* CATSBY, to *Miss* JENNY  
CLAYTON.

*B—— Sunday Morning.*

**J**UST dressed, and ready for church—as neat as a bride—I really look amazingly well to day—The country air, my dear, is a great addition to beauty ; it gives a natural bloom to the complexion, that far exceeds all the borrowed arts of the toilette.—But I must throw aside my pen, and attend my father.

You

You was pleased, my dear friend, to rally me upon my rural taste.— But indeed Jenny, could you but be with me one month, you would not be ashamed to own that there is more happiness to be found in admiring the beauties of nature, then we can possibly experience in a whole series of town amusements. — You see, my dear, I am not willing to disappoint you in your expectations; and can preach as much against the dissipations of the age, in the character of Dorinda Catby, as you seem to think I should in that of Lady Selvyn.—After service this morning, I received a card by the footman of Lady Meadows, to  
acquaint



acquaint me that the young ladies would wait on me in the afternoon.

My father being rather indifposed, I did not go to church.—After dinner, as I was seated at my harpsicord, playing a tune out of the oratorio of Abel, the parlour door opened, and Sir George Selvyn entered.—I arose and was going to leave the instrument, but he intreated me to favour him with a tune—upon his repeated requests I complied—He was pleased to compliment me very much upon my skill in music, and we presently entered into a very lively and spirited conversation—I could almost have wished to have had no addition to  
our

our company.—About five the ladies came, in a very elegant chariot, attended by two footmen.—Sir George very politely addressed them on their entrance—it seems they are intimately acquainted.—Indeed, my dear, I shall stand no chance, where there is so many superior attractions.—Miss Meadows (who is really a very fine woman) was dressed in a white lute string negligee, painted with small bunches of violets and rose buds; her hair, which was french'd, *au Dernier Gout*, was ornamented only with a sprig of pearls, and two or three pretty fancied diamond pins.—Miss Kitty, the picture of her sister in miniature, had

had on a pale pink robe, with small silver spots ; her hair, which is a beautiful dark brown, was braided with pearls, and ornamented with Italian flowers,—There was another young lady with Miss Meadows, her name is Emilia ; you never, Jenny, saw a more engaging countenance—She is the picture of innocence—I am quite charmed with this lovely girl—she was dressed only in a black silk nightgown, and plain muslin linen ; her complexion, which is very fine, was greatly heightened by her sable dress.——There is something in her countenance so amiable, that at first sight inspires every one with

a friendship.——Our topic happening to turn upon musick, I requested the ladies to favour me with a tune.—Miss Meadows, and miss Faulkner (for that is the name of Emilia) declined it;—but, miss Kitty jumping up with a great deal of sprightliness, flew to the harpsichord, and played several tunes exceedingly well.—I really think her judgment in musick far exceeds mine, and on that account played no more. After tea I proposed a walk in the wood, which was accepted with a great deal of pleasure. We left sir George engaged in conversation with my father, and sallied forth. Our discourse turning  
upon



upon the amusements of the place, miss Meadows informed me that there was an assembly at B—— composed of an agreeable party of both sexes ; and added, that as I was come to reside in the country, she hoped I should make one of the party ; I very readily acquiesced in this proposal, as dancing is my favourite amusement, and asked if sir George Selvyn was one of their little society ; he does not go very often said the lively Kitty ;—but the company of miss Catesby may be a great inducement to sir George, to become a subscriber. During our discourse, I observed that Emilia was very pensive ; I enquired

enquired into the cause of her silence, she complained of a pain in her head, and begged miss Meadows to return, which we immediately did; and the chariot was ordered.—They made me promise to return their visit very soon, and to be a very good neighbour, while I continued at B—. After the ladies had taken their leave, my father retired into the garden, to take his evening's walk.—Never did two people look more silly than sir George, and your friend; we both continued for some time silent, at length after a long pause. I broke silence: “The ladies tell me, sir, that there is an assembly  
at

at B——, a very agreeable party,  
 I imagine you are a subscriber,?"  
 Indeed miss Catsby, I never yet  
 met with any inducement.—I  
 have been once with miss Mea-  
 dows, there always was a great  
 intimacy in our families, and the  
 old lady is very desirous of conti-  
 nuing it; I have too great a friend-  
 ship for the fair sex to let a lady of  
 my acquaintance go unattended  
 to any place of public diversion.  
 —Complaisance was then, sir, your  
 only motive;—upon my word miss  
 Meadows was under infinite obli-  
 gations to you for this great con-  
 descension.—I should imagine  
 there must be a very great scarcity  
 of beaux at B——, or such an agreea-  
 ble

ble young lady would not have been without a partner. Pardon me, madam, I did not mean any affront to the young lady, on the contrary, I entertain a very high opinion of her merit.—But we do not obey the dictates of friendship with that alacrity of soul that inspires a lover. I never was sensible of the difference till I became acquainted with miss Catsby.—May I then, thou most lovely of women, (said he taking my hand) presume to hope, I am not disagreeable to you. And positively, Jenny, he had the presumption almost to devour it with kisses. I endeavoured to withdraw



draw it, and putting on a very ferocious air, “ Sir George Selvyn, ‘ has hitherto given me no reason ‘ to think his acquaintance disagreeable.—Let me then beg, sir, ‘ your present behaviour may not ‘ give me cause to alter my good ‘ opinion.’—Pardon me my amiable Dorinda, and if I have offended, let the violence of my passion plead an excuse. From the first moment that my eyes beheld you, my heart became your voluntary captive.—I blush’d—he perceived my confusion, and snatching the moment of love, sunk on his knees—he looked amazingly handsome, Jenny, in this suppliant posture—

My

My hand gently pressed in his, while I listened to his soothing tale—I was almost melted into tenderness—but prudence still retained a place in my breast—Prudence you know my dear, is the foil of love—I suppose you are impatient to know what followed—Excuse me, Jenny, I shall defer telling you that till my next ; but, believe me, I did not drive my swain quite to despair.——My father's coming in, put an end to this tender scene, and Sir George soon after took his leave.

Adieu, my dear—Remember, your almost conquered

DORINDA CATSBY.

LET-

## LETTER VII.

*From the same to the same.*

**H**EIGH ho, Jenny!—Alas!  
how changed is your friend  
—I have lost all my gaiety.

“This cold flinty heart it is he who has  
“warm’d.”

This tyrant love, has taken entire  
possession of my soul.—Don’t  
laugh Clayton; but come and spend  
a month at B—Your presence will  
help to banish this bold intruder  
love.—The season is delightful,  
and I dare say the novelty of these  
rural scenes will please you.—I have  
acquired a very agreeable set of ac-  
quaintance—that I make no

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doubt

doubt will furnish you with ample subject for you pen.—There is a captain Pierce, a pretty fellow, I assure you.—The misses at B. are all candidates for this son of Mars—(you know Jenny, there is irresistible charms in a scarlet coat) he treats them all with complaisance, but does not seem to have formed any particular attachment. Miss Meadows, I hear, is engaged to a young gentleman of considerable fortune; he is now on a visit at Canterbury, but will return next week to grace our assembly.—Do, my dear, come and make one in our little society, it wants only your presence to render it complete. my father is greatly mended; but seems too fond of the country to think



think of leaving it at present : But my watch tells me it is time to dress—So must throw aside my pen, to attend the important duties of the toilette. I am going this afternoon to pay a visit to lady Meadows.

Adieu! \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \*

Well, my dear, I have seen this Canterbury spark :—By the bye, the man is tolerable, he is returned much sooner than was expected. But you shall hear, Jenny—I went yesterday to return the young ladies visit—dressed for conquest, my new laylock negligee—trimed with silver edging—white fatten shoes, and

and diamond buckles, the *tout ensemble* was absolutely irresistible.

When the chariot stop'd, a young gentleman appeared at the gate, and offered his hand—I accepted it—and tript into the house with my young stranger.—The ladies was at work upon a fine callicoe gown in the tambour. But, upon my entrance was going to lay it aside;—I begged them not to leave work upon my account, and placing myself at the frame, I told miss Meadows, it was my favourite employment, and if you will give me leave miss, continued I, shall assist you with a great deal of pleasure. You are very obliging miss Catsby, says lady Meadows; my daughters  
are

are very happy in having acquired such an agreeable acquaintance. Emilia tells me you have great skill in musick—we intend having a little concert this evening, and it will be much more agreeable if you will favour us with your assistance.—Miss Faulkner is very complaisant, madam, I cannot boast any great skill; but am always ready to make one, in an agreeable scheme.—Come, come, then, says miss Kitty, throw aside your work sister, and don't sit poring your eyes out, when you may be so much better entertained.—Mr. Freemour desires your company in the garden; if its agreeable to miss Catby, we will drink tea  
in

in the grotto.—With all my heart ladies, I beg you will not use any ceremony with me, as it is what I have an utter aversion to. And so, Jenny, we all repaired into the gardens. Emilia and myself seated ourselves under a shady tree; our discourse turned upon love, (was ever two females half an hour in a *tête a tête*, without making that their subject); I observed to miss Faulkner that she was very pensive. She blushed, but continued silent—pardon me, my dear Emilia, said I, but indeed I cannot bear to see you so melancholy without enquiring into the cause. It will perhaps appear very odd, that so great a stranger, as myself, should



should expect to be made a confident : But indeed curiosity is not my only motive—shall be happy if it is in my power to alleviate your uneasiness.—You are very kind miss Casby, I shall be extremely happy in your friendship, said the lovely girl. But, alas ! why should I trouble you with my misfortunes, it would be making a very ill return to your kindness, to damp your spirits by a recital of my unhappy life. Miss Meadows will wait tea, we will join them in the grotto, and I will take another opportunity of acquainting you with the secrets of my soul. I will go immediately, my dear ; but must first insist upon  
 on

on your promising to spend a few days with me very soon, for between you and I, I am not in extraordinary spirits myself, we may perhaps help to divert each other. The amiable girl acquiesced in my request;—and we sauntered towards the grōtto. In our walk Emilia informed me that Mr. Freemour was the young gentleman that I had before heard was engaged to miss Meadows; and that the match was very soon to be concluded.—We met the lively Kitty, coming to chide us for staying so long in the garden: How could you detain miss Catsby so long Emilia? my mamma waits tea, and my good brother-

brother-in-law elect, has been putting the instruments in tune, ready for the concert.—I would have you guard your hearts ladies, continued she, for there will be two or three agreeable sparks I assure you.—

We continued chatting in this manner till we reached the charming retreat.—It's impossible, Jenny, to imagine what a charming place it is.—The outside is covered with moss, and variegated with large sea shells; within it is sweetly ornamented with all sorts of natural flowers in baskets.—Miss Meadows is very fond of shell-work, and did the greatest part of it herself.—She really has a very elegant taste. Mr. Freemour does no small ho-

nour to her judgment—he is without flattery a very amiable man, and his respectful behaviour to her quite charms me.

“ Soft love sits inthron’d on the beams  
 “ of his eye,  
 “ He’s manly, yet tender, he’s fond, and  
 “ yet wise.

I dare say, Jenny, you will think it a pity that such a charming fellow should dwindle into a sober husband, but it is a character that he will support with a great deal of propriety, and I make no doubt of their being what is called (by the generality of the world) a very happy pair—but enough of this subject——You must know, my dear,



dear, that after tea we all returned  
 into the hall, and prepared for our  
 concert—when behold, to my no  
 small joy, we were surprised by the  
 appearance of Sir George Selvyn  
 and two other gentlemen coming  
 down the avenue that leads to this  
 noble mansion—Did not I tell you,  
 Miss Catsby, says Miss Kitty, that  
 your heart was in danger—but that  
 blush, continued she, (tapping my  
 cheek) tells me you have not one  
 to lose.—By this time the gen-  
 tlemen had joined us—After the  
 usual compliments were over, we  
 placed ourselves at our music; E-  
 milia played upon a small lute the  
 most soft and ravishing notes I ever  
 heard; Miss Meadows fixed upon  
 the

the guitar, and the harpsichord was appointed for my ladyship—Captain Pierce accompanied us with a French horn, and Mr. Freemour with a German flute ;—the other young gentleman (whom I afterwards found was a nephew of Lady Meadows) sung, accompanied by Miss Kitty, who has the finest voice I ever heard——Sir George sat leaning on the harpsichord—his fine eyes (more eloquent than his bewitching tongue) rivetted on my face—my fingers involuntarily touched the soft plaintive notes—instead of a sprightly air, came out a ditty as melancholy as Death and the Lady—I was ashamed of my folly, and endeavoured

deavoured to regain my spirits.—  
Mr. Freemour being sent for out  
of the room, to speak to a servant  
that had brought a letter, he resign-  
ed the flute to Sir George——

Oh, Jenny, what a charming man  
—he played like Apollo—Emilia  
joined with me in requesting him to  
play my favourite duet—he compli-  
ed, upon conditions that we would  
sing—was it possible to deny—I  
sung, but very badly, indeed—E-  
milia far excell'd me—I was cha-  
grin'd—I blushed—Miss Faulkner  
perceived my confusion——“ I fear,  
“ Miss Catsby, you are ill—will you  
“ take a turn in the garden, the air  
“ may, perhaps, be of service to  
“ you ?”—I really am quite indis-  
posed,

posed, miss, (for indeed, Jenny, I was ready to faint) and if the ladies will excuse my leaving them so abruptly—should be obliged to you to order the coach——The good folks expressed a great deal of sorrow at my being obliged to leave them so early—but Sir George seemed to be under the most anxiety—he begged the company to excuse him, and insisted upon attending me home——When the chariot was ready, I prepared to make my exit—I shall expect you very soon, miss, (said I, addressing myself to Miss Faulkner)—Lady Meadows tells me she will dispense with your absence whenever it is agreeable to yourself——“ And I  
 “ shall



"shall wait on Miss Catsby with a  
 "great deal of pleasure," replied  
 the lovely girl—I then took my  
 leave of the company, and return-  
 ed home with my beau.—We sat  
 for some minutes silent, expressive  
 sighs on his side, and downcast  
 looks and stolen glances on mine—  
 at last, taking hold of my hand,  
 with the most languishing air—"It  
 "gives me a great deal of uneasi-  
 "ness to see my amiable friend so  
 "much indisposed—I fear my Do-  
 "rinda has something on her  
 "mind that occasions this unusu-  
 "al dejection."—I am much ob-  
 bliged to Sir George Selvyn for his  
 kind concern—but I am much bet-  
 ter—the air has been of infinite  
 fer-

service to me—I believe it was only the excessive heat of the weather that occasioned my illness—I soon recovered my usual vivacity, Jenny—Can there be a more speedy cure than the conversation of a lover—We entered into a lively and agreeable subject.—“He  
 “talked of love, and all my  
 “melting heart dissolv’d within  
 “my breast.”—Oh Clayton! I am in a most lamentable situation—who can resist such a charming fellow—and then my father pleads so strongly in his favour—I really believe that between them both they will persuade me out of my name—What can I do, my dear?—why I think the best way will be  
 to

to take him for better for worse—  
Oh no!—I positively can't bear the  
thoughts of that.

“ Say what they will, wedlock's a pill—  
“ Bitter to swallow, and hard of diges-  
“ tion.”

And then—to sink all at once in-  
to a meer country wife, and to be  
in subjection to that lordly crea-  
ture, Man——Horrid transition!  
——If I continue any longer on this  
subject, it will certainly give me  
the spleen.

Farewell, my dearest Jenny,

believe me to be, with the

greatest respect, yours,

DORINDA CATSBY.

L E T-

## LETTER VIII.

*From the Same to the Same.*

I Could almost chide my dearest Jenny for her tedious silence— It is now more than a month since I have heard from you—Emilia has been with me above a week—its impossible to describe how happy we have been—there only wanted the company of my Jenny to add to the inexpressible pleasure I enjoy'd——Would you believe it, my dear, one morning Emilia and myself had agreed to rise by four, to enjoy the delightful pleasure of seeing the rising sun——Oh, my friend, what a glorious sight—  
but



but I have a long tale to relate!—  
and, not to keep you in suspense,  
will begin——It was on this de-  
lightful morning that I begged of  
Emilia to oblige me with the reci-  
tal of her past life—we dressed  
ourselves, and set out to enjoy the  
benefits of an early ramble——

Aurora, with her rosy fingers, had  
just unbarr'd the gates of the east,  
and began to gild the tops of the  
mountains——After walking for  
some time we found ourselves on  
the summit of a hill that comman-  
ded the most enchanting prospect—  
Never was there so sweet a scene of  
groves, valleys, and shining streams  
among the hills, as we saw in descend-  
ing this eminence. At the bottom was  
the

the most beautiful and fertile meadows crowned with flowers.

“ Here all around new beauties still we meet,

“ Here lowing herds—there straggling lamb-  
“ kins bleat.”

These delightful meads are watered by a thousand little rivulets that murmured among the pebbles, and composed the most delightful harmony—On one side was a large shrubbery, in which were several little seats shaded with embowering trees, that, stretching their friendly branches, had met and formed a natural alcove.—To a contemplative mind, Nature’s a book that must afford an inexhaustible fund of entertainment.—But, to

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ly

proceed—we entered into this charming recess, and, seating ourselves, I reminded Emilia of her promise—I am going, Miss Catby, (says the charming girl) to disclose to you the secrets of a life that has been attended with a series of unhappiness—At six years old I lost the best of mothers, and with her every hope of ever more experiencing parental tenderness—My father was of a disposition too gay to pay any attention to his family—Hurried by the impetuosity of his passions, he fell into every fashionable dissipation, which was followed by a total neglect of myself and sister—we were left entirely to the care of servants—In a-  
bout

bout a year after my mamma's death, my father found his affairs in a very indifferent situation, and, in order to amend them, married a gay widow with ten thousand pounds—Upon her entrance into the family, our affairs took a very different turn—my sister, who was two years older than me, was immediately sent to one of the most extravagant schools in London, with strict orders to accomplish her in every branch of a polite education——But alas! the most material point was forgot—the accomplishments of the mind was a thing too trivial for this gay lady to mention. When the day came that was fixed for the depart-



departure of Maria (for that was my sister's name,) I parted from her with the greatest reluctance, my little heart almost bursting with grief at the thoughts of being deprived of my sister, the companion, the partner of my innocent amusements—I followed the chaise with my eyes till I could no longer see it, and then burst into the most violent flood of tears—My mother-in-law, (who till then had never thought me worthy of her attention) took me in her arms and kissed me, and bid me dry up my tears—this little creature (said she, turning to the housekeeper) is really very pretty—I shall take her under my own inspection—she has been too long

long neglected already—I was pleased with what I then thought kind behaviour, and did all in my power to please her, by a thousand little tenderneſſes.—From that time I became a very great favourite, and all imaginable pains was taken to have me initiated into every fashionable diſſipation—My father, as he married her chiefly to enlarge his fortune, was very ſeldom at home—our houſe was continually crouded with viſitors, and the time rolled away in one continual round of diſſipations—At twelve years of age I was introduced into all the parties of pleaſure both at home and abroad—my morals were entirely neglected, and my whole time was devoted to  
fashi-

fashionable amusements—I was a very great proficient in French and Italian, and had a very good taste in drawing—The praises I received upon these accomplishments made me the more emulous to shine—elated by these flattering encomiums, my greatest ambition was to render myself still more conspicuous—happy for me (said the lovely girl) that I was snatched from the pit of destruction before it was too late; for, had I much longer followed the dictates of my dissipated mother-in-law, I must have been inevitably ruined——

When my sister had been about six years at school, my mama thought

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When my sister had been about six years at school, my mama thought

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proper to send for her home—I had not seen her for more than two years—as soon as she arrived I flew to embrace her with all that joy which we experience at seeing a beloved friend after so long an absence—but my joy was soon turned into the most racking jealousy—my vanity was piqued to find Maria so much handsomer than myself—I had often heard her spoke of as a very pretty girl, but did not expect to find such an accomplished beauty—My mamma, who was of a very fickle disposition, immediately transferred all her affection to my sister—Soon after Maria was taken home, we lost my father—I had

had now no one to whom I could apply for redress—all my assiduity to regain her favour was ineffectual—I was looked upon in quite a different manner by all the company that frequented our house, so totally did this new beauty ingross their attention—but to that neglect do I owe all my present happiness—I seldom went out, as I could not bear to see all those compliments paid to my sister, that I once vainly thought due only to me—I hated company which I was before so passionately fondly of, and became quite a recluse——It was retirement only that could afford me any pleasure—I rambled frequently two or three miles with no other

com-

companion than a book—In these moments of solitude reason dawned upon my soul, and whispered me that true happiness was not to be found in a life of dissipation—I was resolved to listen to its friendly dictates, and I soon experienced the truth—my mind became calm and composed—jealousy no longer maintained her place in my breast—my sister was no more the object of my hatred—but though I did not envy, I could not help pitying the unthinking gay Maria—she would frequently intreat me to accompany her in her parties of pleasure, but I always excused myself, chusing rather to be alone than to trust myself again on such a dangerous coast.



coast.—In one of my solitary rambles, as I was passing by the side of a grove, I thought I heard the sound of a flute at a small distance—curiosity prompted me to enter the place from which I imagined this melodious music issued—I advanced with timidity towards the grove, and had not gone far, when, turning ~~down~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ walk, enamelled with violets and primroses, I espied the most lovely youth my eyes ever saw—he was seated on a mossy bank at the foot of a large tree—I was fixed immovable as a statue, and should have never been tired with gazing on this charming stranger, but, finding myself observed, was going to make

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make a hasty retreat—I was ashamed of my impertinence in intruding on the solitude of this too lovely youth—I had not gone many steps before he accosted me, and, with a voice like music itself, begged me to return——“ I should  
 “ be very unhappy, madam, if I  
 “ thought my presence had frightened you out of the walk.”—I replied with the utmost confusion, that I was not frightened, but sorry that I should disturb him by my intrusion—The charming musician desired me not to make any apologies, and we continued chatting in the most agreeable manner—In his conversation I found an infinite found variety—his sentiments on every



every subject was noble and refined, and there was a sprightliness in his disposition that rendered him perfectly charming—I never till that moment, Miss Catsby, had experienced the least degree of partiality for any of the sex—I observed him several times to look at me in the most languishing manner, and then fetch a deep sigh—Vanity whispered me that I was no less agreeable to this charming unknown than he was to me—Alas! how ready are we to suppose that which is most conducive to our own happiness.—We parted without either of us making ourselves known: but the amiable man begged he might not be deprived of  
the

the pleasure of meeting me again,  
 “for indeed, miss, (added he) I  
 “cannot think of losing such an  
 “agreeable acquaintance”—I paus’d,  
 —I hesitated—but knew not  
 what to reply—I found it was  
 not in my power to deny his re-  
 quest, without doing the greatest  
 violence to my own inclinations.—  
 I met him several times afterwards  
 in my little excursions—he fre-  
 quently intreated me to give him  
 leave to wait on me home, but I al-  
 ways refused it—I was sensible,  
 (continued the lovely Emilia) that  
 the family I was in would give him  
 but a very mean opinion of my  
 character—One evening as we were  
 seated in an arbour composed of  
 wood-

woodbines and roses—he so tenderly pressed me no longer to conceal my family, that I was under the greatest embarrassment, and for some moments continued silent—  
 “I have always been taught (said the charming man) that the eyes  
 “are the windows of the heart—  
 “yours, madam, tell me, that you  
 “are possessed of every virtue that  
 “adorns your sex—compassion  
 “must then be among the number.”  
 —I am obliged to you, Sir, for these generous sentiments of a person that is so great a stranger—but if I deny your request, hope you will not attribute my denial to a want of any of those merits you are pleased to ascribe to me, but to

a very different motive——“ May  
 “ I then beg to know the name of  
 “ my amiable friend.”——It is Emilia—excuse me, Sir—if I intreat  
 you to desist any further enquiries,  
 and tempt me not to own that which  
 will, perhaps, deprive me of your  
 good opinion——“ Nothing can  
 “ ever be powerful enough to alter  
 “ that—my friendship is founded on  
 “ too firm a basis ever to be re-  
 “ moved.”——He then, Miss  
 Catby, informed me that he was  
 the second son of Lord L——,  
 whose country seat was about two  
 miles distant from our house.

This discovery was to me like  
 a clap of thunder—I thought it was  
 now



now in vain to hope, and that it would not be consistent with prudence to continue a friendship with a person so much my superior.

—A friendship that would consequently involve us both in the greatest unhappiness. —I resolved to acquaint him without any reserve of my inferior rank, and to intreat him never more to think of me. —This resolution was no sooner formed, then I immediately put it in execution; hiding only my name and place of abode. —He stood for some time silent, his arms crossed, and dejected looks ;—at last breaking silence, with eyes beaming forth the utmost tenderness : —“ Could  
“ you, my lovely Emilia, imagine  
“ that

“ that I should entertain any  
 “ thoughts in prejudice of so much  
 “ excellence; because fate had not  
 “ placed you in a state of affluence.  
 “ —No, I have a soul above such  
 “ meanness.—Fortune, ever blind  
 “ to merit, often dispenses her gifts  
 “ on fools; while those truly de-  
 “ serving of her favours are ne-  
 “ glected.—But virtue, when  
 “ placed in a situation beneath it-  
 “ self, always shines forth with re-  
 “ doubled lustre.—Your generous  
 “ and open disposition charms me.  
 “ —And should I then, because  
 “ fate has fixed me in a sphere of  
 “ life, rather superior to yours,  
 “ give up such an inestimable trea-  
 “ sure.—No,—let me intreat you,  
 “ dearest

“ dearest Emilia, to favour me with  
 “ your friendship.—In this little  
 “ sacred spot, we may pass many  
 “ happy hours.—Blest with inno-  
 “ cence, and the refined delights  
 “ of mutual friendship.”—It would  
 be ungenerous in me (replied I)  
 to deny a friendship to a person of  
 such exalted and generous senti-  
 ments; but, let us Sir, drop this  
 interesting subject, it is time for  
 me to return home.—He then  
 taking my passive hand, imprinted  
 on it a tender kiss, and we parted.—  
 Alas! I little thought never to  
 meet again.

At this part of her recital, Emi-  
 lia could not help weeping; and I,  
 my dearest Jenny, could not refrain.

—The

—The pearly drops stole down my face, while she with a lovely blush continued her affecting narrative.—When I returned home, I found my mamma very attentive upon a letter she had just received.—As soon as she had finished it, she called me to her,—“ I have charming news for you Emilia, Lady Summers has lately lost her only daughter, and has sent for you to supply her place; she has taken it in her head that you resemble her departed Caroline.—But here is the letter, when you have perused it, I make no doubt, but you will with pleasure, accept this advantageous offer.”—Upon saying this, my mamma gave me the



the letter, and left me to reflect on my unexpected change of fortune.

It was impossible for me to refuse this generous proposal of Lady Summers ; but, at the same time, I felt a secret reluctance at the thoughts of leaving my amiable friend.—The letter acquainted me; that this generous woman, would wait on my mamma the next day, and if agreeable to myself, would take me home with her.—I spent all that night in fruitless tears—Sometimes I resolved to acquaint my noble lover of my change of fortune.—But, when I reflected that I should only be a wretched dependant on the bounty of Lady Summers, pride forbid me to mention

tion it.—I was determined to abandon all thoughts of ever seeing him again.—This was a sacrifice that required all the resolution I was mistress of.—I thought it would be both ungentle, and ungrateful to leave him without bidding him an eternal adieu.—I sat down to write, but could not for some hours assume a sufficient share of fortitude, to go through this unpleasing task.—At last I invoc'd the aid of reason.—She bid me persevere in my resolution of seeing him no more, and I resolved to obey her prudent dictates.—I believe, Miss Catsby, I have the copy of my letter to the noble youth in  
my

my pocket book.—I here send it  
you, Jenny.

*To Lord EDWARD L——.*

Sir,

“ I might possibly think an apo-  
“logy necessary for the liberty I  
“ am taking in writing to you, if  
“ I did not think you possessed of  
“ generosity enough to pardon it.—  
“ Conscious of my own unworthi-  
“ nefs, and ashamed of my presump-  
“ tion, I am going to retire where  
“ it's impossible for me ever more to  
“ see you.—Alas ! too plainly I  
“ see my own peace of mind de-  
“ mands this sacrifice.—Your kind  
“ professions of friendship, claim  
“ my sincerest acknowledgments.  
“ —But,

“ —But, under the disadvantages  
 “ both of birth and fortune, I ought  
 “ not to suffer my mind to dwell  
 “ one moment on a person of your  
 “ Lordship’s exalted sphere.—I do  
 “ not say I can forget you, for that’s  
 “ impossible.—But it is in vain to  
 “ inquire where I am going—I  
 “ shall seclude myself where there  
 “ is an impossibility of our ever  
 “ meeting again.——May every  
 “ earthly blessing be your share;  
 “ and soon, very soon, may you for-  
 “ get there ever was such a person  
 “ as,

EMILIA.”

As soon as I had finished this  
 epistle, I flew to the delightful  
 spot,



spot, where I had passed so many happy moments, in the society of the charming youth, and threw my letter on a bank of flowers, in a place where I thought it would not fail being seen.—Would you believe it, Miss Catsby, I could not leave this sweet retreat without shedding a torrent of tears; but I endeavoured to resume my usual cheerfulness, fearing that Lady Summers would think I accompanied her with reluctance.—At parting my mamma presented me with a bank note of twenty pounds, the only favour I ever received since my father's death.—Though there appeared a visible joy, both in my mamma and sister, at parting with

me,

me, yet I could not leave such near relations with some small share of grief.—Maria shed some tears, but I am rather inclined to think they was tears of joy.—I think it would not be improper to give you a description of my amiable benefactress.—She was about fifty, and the remains of a very great beauty was imprinted on her features; there was something so noble in her countenance, that inspired me from the first moment I saw her, with reverence and esteem.—Oh! what a charming change did I experience!—This worthy woman was as far superior to my mamma, as angels was to her.—Upon my arrival at her hospitable mansion, she presented

presented me with a cabinet which contained the jewels, and other little treasures of her beloved Caroline, and allotted me the apartment, and a very elegant library that was once in the possession of that sweet young lady, for such she must be, if she bore any resemblance to her amiable mother.—

Our family was one continual scene of harmony, even the servants was superior to any I ever saw; they watched the looks of this worthy lady, and seemed even to anticipate her wishes.—Our mornings were spent in the delightful employment of relieving the distressed.—Can there, my dear Dorinda, be a greater pleasure than  
we

we enjoy, in making others happy.

—It's the most refined happiness frail mortals are capable of tasting.

—I sometimes entertained my excellent benefactress by reading, and at others by playing on the harpsicord, as she was extremely fond of music.—In this delightful situation you would almost think it impossible to be unhappy;—but, alas! there was a secret anxiety lurking in my bosom, that rendered me incapable of tasting true happiness.—I found it was not in my power to erase the idea of the lovely youth, his image was too deeply imprinted on my heart ever to be removed.—Sometimes I indulged the pleasing thoughts of once more  
seeing



seeing him ; at others I endeavour-  
 ed to conquer an aspiring and hope-  
 less passion.—Lady Summers per-  
 ceived my langour, and took every  
 method to divert my melancholy—  
 but in vain.—One day when I was  
 more pensive then usual, she took  
 notice of it, and tenderly intreated  
 me to acquaint her with the cause.  
 —“ I fear my dearest Emilia is  
 “ under some secret uneasiness?—  
 “ Tell me, my dearest child, (for  
 “ so she frequently called me) per-  
 “ haps it may be in my power to  
 “ alleviate your grief; fear not to  
 “ unbosom yourself, in me you will  
 “ always find a tender and indul-  
 “ gent friend.”—Oh! Madam you  
 are

are very kind—Alas! I do not deserve half this goodness—I who ought to think myself superlatively happy—but, we cannot always command our hearts; at least I find it is not in my power.——“ I pity  
 “ you, Emilia, and too plainly see  
 “ that love is the source from  
 “ whence this langour springs.—  
 “ But why my dear should you de-  
 “ press yourself?—If the object is  
 “ in any respect worthy of my  
 “ Emilia’s esteem, and I can’t even  
 “ suppose that a girl of your sensi-  
 “ bility would indulge a moment’s  
 “ thought on a person that is un-  
 “ worthy of you——I conjure  
 “ you, my dearest girl, do not hide  
 “ it from me.”——I could no  
 longer

longer restrain my tears—they fell in showers from my overcharged eyes—I could only stammer out some incoherent speeches—I am but too sensible of my own folly in aspiring to——But indeed, madam, I will endeavour to conquer my unhappy hopeless passion——it is then even as I thought (said the worthy lady)—Oh my Emilia! my uneasiness on your account is extreme—but I must, my dear child, know who it is that has made this dangerous impression on your tender mind—I then, Miss Catsby, without any reserve, acquainted her with my first meeting with Lord Edward L——, and of the letter which I had wrote

to him when I left home.—She  
 listened attentively to my plaintive  
 tale, and when I had finished, with  
 looks that spoke the goodness of  
 his heart—she begged me to be  
 composed—“ I do not, my dear,  
 “ wonder at your attachment to this  
 “ charming young man—but at  
 “ the same time I can’t pretend to  
 “ encourage in you a love that may  
 “ perhaps be attended with very  
 “ bad consequences—I am intimate-  
 “ ly acquainted with the old lord  
 “ his father—I know his pride  
 “ would not suffer his son to mar-  
 “ ry a person so much his inferior  
 “ in point of birth and fortune—  
 “ merit in this depraved age is not  
 “ looked upon as any thing, or my  
 “ Emilia



“ Emilia would not disgrace a  
 “ title—I know the disposition  
 “ of this young nobleman is very  
 “ different from the generality of  
 “ mankind—his sentiments are de-  
 “ licate and refined, and his beha-  
 “ viour to every person, both his  
 “ superior and inferior, speaks a  
 “ mind truly noble—but I will no-  
 “ longer dwell on his perfections—  
 “ you seem but too sensible of them  
 “ already, and it would be impru-  
 “ dent in me to foment a flame that  
 “ will I fear be hopeless—was we  
 “ even to suppose that this young  
 “ lord would divest himself of his  
 “ family pride, and offer you his  
 “ hand—I know the delicacy of  
 “ my Emilia’s soul would prevent  
 “ her

“ her accepting it, as it would ne-  
 “ cessarily draw upon him the cen-  
 “ sures of an ill natured world—but  
 “ I will not add to your unhappi-  
 “ ness by a continuation of this  
 “ subject—You must, my dearest  
 “ Emily, use the utmost of your  
 “ efforts to conquer this passion.”  
 I will, madam, if possible, erase him  
 from my mind—but, alas! I fear it  
 is not in my power—Good heavens!  
 what a happiness would it be to me  
 even to hear that he is well.

“ If that my dear will give you  
 “ any satisfaction, I will pay a  
 “ visit to the family—in the mean  
 “ time I hope you will resume  
 “ your cheerfulness.—I am going  
 “ this afternoon to visit a very  
 “ agree-

“agreeable lady;—and, I hope,  
 “a variety of objects will help to  
 “dissipate your gloom.”——Oh,  
 miss Catsby! how happy was I  
 in such a friend;—my amiable be-  
 nefactress very soon paid the pro-  
 mised visit:—and, I found, to my  
 inexpressible grief, that the lovely  
 youth had left England some time,  
 and was gone to make the tour of  
 France. Lady Summers informed  
 me, that for some time before he  
 set out on his voyage, he had been  
 very ill; and was thought by all  
 the family to be under some secret  
 uneasiness; and, in order to di-  
 vert it, they had proposed this  
 tour.—’Tis impossible for words  
 to describe the situation I was in,

“ her accepting it, as it would ne-  
 “ cessarily draw upon him the cen-  
 “ sures of an ill natured world—but  
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 very ill; and was thought by all  
 the family to be under some secret  
 uneasiness; and, in order to di-  
 vert it, they had proposed this  
 tour.—’Tis impossible for words  
 to describe the situation I was in,

I for some time gave way to the most poignant grief; not all my resolution could overcome my melancholy for some months.—My ever kind benefactress carried me to every place of amusement; and used all her endeavours to divert my grief.—I at last, began to resume my spirits, as I plainly saw it made her unhappy.—But I still in secret sigh'd, and bemoan'd my unkind fate.—She was quite delighted at this change, and made me several very valuable presents.—We continued to pass our time in the greatest harmony: every innocent diversion we partook of, but was strangers to riot and dissipation.—I was treated with all  
the

the tenderness of an only child ; her parental care even exceeded that of most parents.—I had never heard from my mamma, nor sister, since I left home ; they were removed into Wales.—But had never wrote to me, though I had several times requested to hear from them.—Two years did I pass with my worthy benefactress, during which period I never heard, that lord Edward was returned from his travels. I often, privately, inquired ; but, alas ! to no purpose. At the end of which time, it pleased the Almighty disposer of all things, to deprive me of my excellent friend, my parent, and my protectress.—Oh, my Dorinda !

forgive

forgive my tears, they are a tribute  
 due to the memory of the best of  
 women.—During my residence  
 with lady Summers, I contracted  
 an intimacy with lady Meadows.  
 She was the bosom friend of my  
 benefactress; and upon the death  
 of this good lady, very kindly gave  
 me the offer of making her house  
 my home:—I very gladly accept-  
 ed this invitation, as I could not  
 bear to continue in a place that  
 was continually reminding of my  
 amiable friend.—After the inter-  
 ment of my late worthy benefac-  
 tress. I left this sweet retreat where  
 I had passed so many serene and  
 happy hours, in her delightful so-  
 ciety.—Her goodness, to me, did  
 not



not only extend itself in her life time—but when the will was opened, I found myself possessed of ten thousand pounds, and all her valuable jewels and furniture.—But, alas! it was not now in the power of riches to make me happy; I had now no friend in whom I could confide.—My lover gone, perhaps never to return. The wide world was now before me, “My place to chuse, and “Providence my guide.”—I have been with lady Meadows three months, and am as happy as a person in my situation can expect. Do you now wonder, my dear miss Catsby, that I am so often lost in a deep gloom.—I have

lost that peace of mind that never more will be restored. Here, the lovely Emilia finished her affecting narrative.—And we left our verdant seat, and returned home to breakfast.—Do not you, my dearest Jenny, join with me in pitying this amiable girl.—But I am sure I shall trespass on your patience, so will not add a word more to this enormous packet.

Adieu ! ever yours,

DORINDA CATSBY.

P. S. I had almost forgot to tell you, that our assembly begins next week. All here join in wishes, that my dear Jenny, may make one at the opening of it. Once more, Adieu.

LET-

## LETTER IX.

*Miss* CLAYTON to *Miss* DORINDA CATSBY.

**Y**OU will doubtless, my dear Dorinda, be surprised at my tedious silence. But it has been occasioned by a very severe illness. I was, about a month ago, on a visit at Tunbridge, with a very agreeable party.—Alas! my friend, how transitory are all wordly enjoyments—three days after I was there, I was seized with a giddiness in my head, which soon terminated in a violent fever.—Mrs. Smith, (for that was the lady whose house was at) immediately dispatched

dispatched a servant to town, to  
 acquaint my mamma of my illness  
 —and another for one of the most  
 eminent physicians in London.—  
 My mamma, and Louisa, came the  
 next morning, and stayed with me  
 a fortnight, (for it was impossible  
 for me to be removed) during  
 this melancholy period I knew  
 nobody that attended me. When  
 I began to recover, I enquired  
 if there had not been a letter  
 from my Dorinda; I was told,  
 by Louisa, that there was two, I  
 eagerly begged to see them; but  
 the physician, being present, said it  
 would be improper for me to read  
 them myself.—My impatience was  
 too great to deny myself the satis-  
 faction



faction of hearing them ;—and I,  
 with reluctance, resigned the plea-  
 sure of reading your charming  
 epistles to my sister.—I am quite  
 charmed with your lively descrip-  
 tion of the beauties of the country,  
 and much more so with your ami-  
 able lover.—My mamma has given  
 me leave to make an excursion of a  
 month or two at B—, as soon as my  
 health will permit—which I hope  
 will be very soon ;—for I propose  
 myself a great deal of happiness in  
 the society of my Dorinda, and her  
 agreeable friend :—I really am very  
 much prejudiced in favour of Emi-  
 lia before I see her.—But, she is  
 a friend of miss Catsby, and that  
 without any other consideration,  
 would

would be a sufficient recommendation for me to love her:—She has been very unfortunate.—But I can't help thinking, that she will yet be happy in regaining her noble lover.—But my company is desired at the tea table, so will defer the conclusion of this, till another opportunity.

Joy! joy! my dear Dorinda—  
 Doctor R—— has given it as his advice, that I should go immediately into the country, in order to recover my lost strength and appetite, and my mamma, has this moment been telling me, that I shall come as soon as I please; I am quite enraptured with  
 the

the thoughts of this delightful journey—this is Friday, and on Monday I propose setting out for your rural retreat—Louisa insists on a weekly correspondence while I continue at B——. I am so overjoyed with the thoughts of seeing my Dorinda, that I would promise her that, or any thing else——I shall eat two meals in the place of one, that I may regain my lost strength, and be able

With you all to trip along—

In the charming cotillion——

Adieu. Believe me to be, with the greatest respect, my dear friend,  
ever your's.

J. CLAYTON.

LET-

## LETTER X.

*Miss* CLAYTON, to *Miss* LOUISA  
CLAYTON.

B——

I ARRIVED yesterday at the beautiful and romantic seat of Mr. Catsby. Nothing could equal the joy with which I was received by this worthy family—Oh my Louisa, how happy shall I be in this agreeable society. Dorinda's beauty has received great addition since she has been in the country—Emilia has not yet left her—and by the joint entreaties of Miss Catsby and myself, we have prevailed on her



her to continue with us during my stay at B——. She really is a most amiable girl—and excessively pretty. There is a langour in her countenance that renders her perfectly bewitching—and an elegance in her behaviour that speaks her to have been very conversant with the *beau monde*. I can't help thinking that Emilia is designed by Fate to shine in a much higher sphere than she at present seems to expect——

I have not yet seen Sir George Selwyn—he comes to-morrow morning to accompany us in a ride—I fear I shall make but an indifferent figure among them, as I am not much used to that exercise—

cife—Dorinda tells me she is grown an excellent horse woman, and is in high spirits. This same love, my dear, is a great enlivener to the complexion. Adieu; I am much better since my arrival at this charming place.

Well, Louisa, I have seen this hero—he is a charming fellow indeed—I have half a mind to set my cap at him—But what am I talking of—friendship forbids me to be a rival to my Dorinda—And so my dear we set out this morning, attended by Sir George—and Captain Pierce. Miss Catsby was in a new bloom coloured habit,

bit, and is a perfect Diana on horseback. Emilia was not very well, and declined going.—Never was there a more delightful morning—My gay spark, like most of these military gentlemen, was very profuse of his compliments to my ladyship—and pretends to be deeply enamoured. But in spite of all his artillery of love (that was fired like a volley of cannon) I have the happiness to assure my dear sister, that her Jenny is still heart-whole —When we returned from our ride, we found Emilia drawing. The piece was a representation of the muses—and was very prettily done—There is no accomplishment but what she is mistress of—The gentlemen

gentlemen paid her a great many compliments on the elegance of her taste—to which she returned very obliging answers, but did not seem the least elevated by their praises—I never saw any girl that was possessed of so small a share of vanity—There is not the least tincture of pride in her whole composition, but such an unassuming modesty that is perfectly engaging—I shall expect my Louisa will congratulate me on this extraordinary change, for I think it is the first time I was ever known to allow merit or beauty their due, (though ever so conspicuous), if it was in one of my own sex——The captain has been supplicating for the  
favour



favour of my fair hand to-morrow at the assembly—But I returned for answer, that I did not think I should dance—No, no my dear, I never promise so great a favour—unless I am convinced it will be the best offer I shall receive—If the ball-room produces nothing more agreeable, it will then be at his service—We are going this afternoon to pay a visit to a very agreeable family in the neighbourhood—I shall not conclude this letter, till I have given my Louisa an account of this so much talked of assembly.

Adieu.

*Miss*

*Miss CLAYTON, in Continuation.*

OH my dear sister——what a shocking adventure——We have lost the lovely Emilia. But if I can sufficiently compose my flutter'd spirits—I will give you the whole account——We was yesterday at B—— Never was there a more brilliant assembly—I was two hours before I could tell which to give the preference to—my white sattin or my straw-coloured negligee sprigged with purple——But the latter carried the day—the ornaments of my head were few—but well chosen——Dorinda was dressed in a pale pink sprig'd with silver—and  
the

the dear lost girl (who is not yet out of mourning) was in virgin white—I thought she had an unusual share of spirits—but there was still some traces of melancholy remaining on her charming face—We went in Mr. Gatsby's new chariot, with two footmen—Upon our entrance in the ball-room, the curiosity of the whole company was excited to know who we were—their attention seemed to be totally ingrossed in surveying our dress—and persons—The gentlemen (ever fond of variety) were particularly assiduous and complaisant—and the pretty misses ready to burst with envy—at seeing themselves so greatly outshone——Miss Meadows

Meadows was absent upon the account of her mama's being indisposed—But Miss Kitty came attended by Mr. Johnson, (the nephew of Lady Meadows)—a very pretty fellow, I assure you, my dear—Miss Catsby danced with Sir George—and my ladyship was pitched upon by Mr. Johnson—The poor captain was quite chagrined at this disappointment—But to make him some amends, I recommended him to Miss Kitty Meadows—There was a gentleman present, who by the elegance of his dress appeared to be a person of distinction—From the first moment of our entrance, he seemed struck with the person of Emilia; and



and when the ball was opened, advanced with a very graceful air, and presented her his hand—As she was perfectly disengaged, the lovely girl accepted it without hesitation—and they were, *sans compliment*, the most graceful couple in the room—Emilia danced with inimitable grace—But she excels in every thing—My partner was agreeably entertaining; in short I never passed a more happy evening—About eleven the company began to retire—The gentleman who danced with Miss Faulkner led her (as we thought) to the carriage—We was rather behind, and did not perceive that it was not Mr. Catby's—When I step-

ped into the chariot, I started back—Good heavens Miss Catsby where is Emilia——I thought she had been here——I thought so too, says Dorinda in a trembling voice—What shall we do—Oh Sir, said she, (turning to Sir George) we have lost Emilia—Mr. Johnson begged we would make ourselves as easy as possible, and said he would return into the ball-room, where he made no doubt but he should find her——But alas! he returned without having it in his power to give us any satisfactory account——Some of the company had seen the gentleman who danced with her, hand her into an elegant carriage, and afterwards

wards jump in himself—But which way they drove, no one could inform us——This was dreadful news indeed—Miss Catsby burst into tears—I endeavoured to comfort her, but stood almost in as much need of consolation myself—After having spent an hour in fruitless inquiries, Sir George prevailed on us to return home—Oh, my Louisa, what are we to think of this affair—I cannot think Emilia went with her own consent. No, she is innocence itself—There is no one that can give us any intelligence who this unknown presumptuous man is—

—But I am called to attend Mr.

John-

Johnfon—Sally tells me he is waiting in the parlour.

Not one word have we yet heard that can inform us of our fair friend——Lady Meadows is under the greatest uneasiness—she has sent to every place within fifty miles, but to no purpose——Miss Catby has this moment sent for me into her dressing room—What can this mean?——

Oh, my dear sister, I have most joyful news to relate!—our Emilia is safe; Lady Meadows has just received the following letter, and has very obligingly sent it to Miss Catby to relieve her anxiety.

To



*To Lady MEADOWS.*

I have the pleasure to acquaint Lady Meadows that her lovely friend is safe—fortune very favourably sent my brother to her assistance, as he was taking a ride—she is now with me, and I have prevailed on her to favour us with her agreeable company for a month—but Miss Faulkner will write, and tell you all—her affecting and surprising story will receive great advantages by her graceful way of relating it—I am quite happy in her charming society——this accident, dear madam, though dreadful in itself, has made a whole family

mily happy—I have the pleasure to assure Lady Meadows, tho' unknown, that I am

her humble and

obedient servant,

CHARLOTE DELEVAL.

We are all impatient for an explanation of this extraordinary affair—but this letter, though not altogether satisfactory, has in a great measure allayed our anxiety—We shall drink tea this afternoon in the Hermitage. Miss Kitty Meadows will be with us—I am all impatience to hear from Emilia.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, my Louisa, what a romantic affair this has been—Miss Faulkner's

ner's account will almost furnish a novel—But the dear girl will now meet the reward of all her merits—Farewel, my dearest sister—The inclosed is a copy of the letter we received from the dear girl this morning—Once more adieu. Miss Catsby desires her compliments—

J. CLAYTON.

LETTER XI.

*Miss FAULKNER, to Miss CATS-*  
BY.

*Grove Park—*

I MAKE no doubt that my absence has given my dear friend  
some

some uneasiness—But I have the happiness to assure my dear Dorinda, that after having escaped the greatest dangers, her Emilia is safe, and happy in the protection of her long lost lover.—But I will tell you the whole affair as it happened.

——My partner, whom I afterwards found to be Lord B—— very genteelly led me to the chariot. Without minding the arms, I stepped into it, and his lordship immediately followed. I begged he would not trouble himself to wait on me home, still thinking it was Mr. Catsby's carriage—But without answering me, he ordered the coachman to drive on, and  
drew



drew up the blinds—I attempted to scream, but my fright was so great, that it overpowered my spirits, and I fainted away—When I came to myself, I found him very assiduous in recovering me—He had taken my smelling bottle out of my pocket, and was holding it to my nose—I believe he was very much frightened, and not entirely destitute of humanity—I conjured him to tell me where he was carrying me—Oh Sir, whoever you are, let me intreat you not to persist in this horrid enterprize—I have friends who will take every method to revenge this injury—(and taking the advantage of the glasses being down) I put my head out of

the window, and screamed as loud as possible—Upon this he caught me in his arms, and begged me to be composed—“It is in vain, madam, to scream, as there is no one near you but myself, and was there thousands, they should not deprive me of such an inestimable prize—You are in the hands of a person that will treat you in an honourable manner, if you do not urge me to the contrary by this ridiculous noise.”—When I found it was to no purpose to cry out for help, I burst into tears—The abandoned wretch endeavoured to sooth me into a composure, but I continued in silent grief—After travelling more than two hours without

out stopping, I saw, by the glimmerings of a lamp, that we were entering a large court-yard—Upon this I burst into fresh floods of tears, and intreated him for heaven's sake, to tell me where I was.

“ In a place, my charmer, that you

“ are from this moment mistress

“ of, if you know how to prize

“ your own happiness”——Upon

the stopping of the chariot, there

appeared at the door of this old go-

thic structure (that looked like the

ruins of some old church) an elder-

ly woman——The wretch jumped

out of the carriage, and was going

to hand me down, but I was un-

able to stand; my trembling feet

would not support me—The old

woman

woman (who's looks spoke her to be a procuress) came forward, and offered her assistance to conduct me in——They led me into a very large room, elegantly furnished, where there was a very good fire—As soon as they left the room, I threw myself into a chair, and gave way to the most poignant grief—The old woman soon re-entered, (followed by his lordship) with some mull'd wine, which she entreated me to drink—his lordship seconded her intreaties, but I was inflexible to both—When she had left the room, he informed me, that she was his housekeeper; and added, that she was a very good sort of woman — Oh, my Dorinda,

da,



da, what a terrible situation was I in—After the old woman had disappeared, he began to torment me by the most odious proposals ; which I with the greatest spirit rejected ; and intreated him, if he was not divested of every principle of virtue and humanity, to return me to my friends. You will, continued I, experience more satisfaction than you could possibly find in a whole series of unlawful pleasures—Think, Sir, what a grief it must be to my friends to be thus basely robbed of their unhappy girl—Put yourself in their place, and then tell me, what punishment you would inflict on the man that had acted in such a cruel and ungenerous

ungenerous manner——With the  
 most ironical sneer, the wretch  
 had the impertinence to tell me,  
 that I should make an excellent  
 preacher——“ That pretty demur  
 “ countenance of yours, my dear,  
 “ would convert many of us fa-  
 “ shionable sinners, but I am proof  
 “ against all your virtuous argu-  
 “ ments—If the sum which I have  
 “ offered is not sufficient to pur-  
 “ chase your favour, I will make  
 “ whatever addition you think ne-  
 “ cessary, this house and all that’s  
 “ in it is at your command—Can  
 “ any woman desire a more gene-  
 “ rous proposal—But as I sincerely  
 “ love you, would if possible make  
 “ every thing agreeable to your  
 “ wishes”—

“wishes.”——Oh! fir, do not distress me in this cruel manner——if you loved me you would not treat me thus, there would then be no occasion to deprive me of my liberty. Was you possessed of that honour, which you seem to boast, you would then scorn to attempt the ruin of an innocent girl.

“Why, my charmer, do you  
 “accuse me of depriving you of  
 “your liberty—I have the greatest  
 “reason to complain of your robbing me of mine; you reign  
 “sole mistress of my heart—do  
 “not then oblige me to a behaviour that I abhor; I would, if  
 “possible, make myself master of  
 “your heart as well as person:—  
 “You

“ You must banish these romantic  
 “ notions of honour and virtue.—  
 “ Such common place nonsense,  
 “ was only meant to fill the head  
 “ of the vulgar.”

When I found it was in vain to  
 argue, I continued silent.—It began  
 to grow very late, and I was in  
 the most violent agitation.—I ob-  
 served him to whisper to a servant;  
 I knew not what was said, but was  
 under the most dreadful apprehen-  
 sions. When the attendant was  
 withdrawn, lord B—— arose, and  
 placing a chair close to mine, ten-  
 derly intreated me to dry up my  
 tears.—“ I shall leave you to night,  
 “ my angel, to reflect upon what  
 “ I have said, I have ordered an  
 “ apart-



“apartment to be prepared for  
 “you ; and I promise you, not  
 “to enter it without your per-  
 “mission ; but hope, in the morn-  
 “ing I shall find you more inclined  
 “to accept my love, or you will  
 “oblige me, maugre all my efforts  
 “to the contrary, to force you to  
 “be happy.”—And catching me  
 in his arms he almost smothered  
 me with kisses. Oh ! sir, (said I)  
 tearing myself from his odious em-  
 braces, what have I done that you  
 should use me thus ?—I will  
 not go to bed in this detested house.  
 My agitations was so great that I  
 again fainted away—when I re-  
 vived, I found myself in a cham-  
 ber on a sofa ;—with no other at-  
 tendant

tendant but the old woman.—I cast my eyes eagerly round to see if her vile master, was in the room. But she begged me to be easy, and assured me that he was retired to rest in another part of the house.—I then threw myself at her feet, and conjured her, if she was not destitute of every principle of virtue—to conduct me out of the house.—I promised to recompence her in the most ample manner, if she would assist me to escape.—But all my intreaties were in vain.—She told me, that nothing should bribe her to disoblige her master. I plainly saw she was a creature subservient to his wicked purposes.—She persuaded me to undress myself

self

self and go to bed ; but I peremptorily refused her.—Every little noise threw me into the greatest panick—I expected every thing that was base.—I had now no resource left in this dreadful crisis, but a dependance on that God who never deserts the innocent: To him I poured forth the most fervent prayers, to deliver me out of the hands of this vile seducer.—I began to grow more composed, when I found it was day-break, by the light that shone through the cracks of the window shutters ; and, observing that my watchful guard was sunk into the arms of sleep, I walked towards the window ; and softly opening the shutter

ter—I had a view of the large spacious gardens, that environed this gloomy mansion; but could not see any person to whom I could apply for relief:—The gardener was at a great distance nailing up the tender branches of the trees—and I dare not call to him for fear of waking the old woman.—Oh, miss Catby! What could I do, in a place remote from all the world, and in the hands of a wretch that I had, alas! but too much reason to fear——

About ten o'clock, his lordship sent up his compliments, and desired my company to breakfast. —I immediately went down, fearing that if I refused him, it would



would be a plausible excuse, for him to come into my chamber. He very politely wished me a good morning.—You would have been amazed, Dorinda! to see how composed the wretch appeared, and handed me a chair, with as great an air, as if I had been there by my own consent. I drank one cup of coffee, but could not eat; after breakfast, I renewed my intreaties to be restored to my friends. But the inexorable man, only laughed at my tears. By turns I menaced, then implored, but to no purpose.

And without making me any reply, he arose; and with an air of gaiety taking hold of my hand: I think, my charmer, the air would  
be

be of infinite service to you, it will help to dispel this gloom.—You have not yet seen the gardens :—I must insist upon your accompanying me there.—I did not refuse him, as I thought I should, perhaps, have an opportunity of slipping away from him.—I had observed from the chamber window a farm-house, at a small distance, to which I intended to fly for refuge.—Don't you think, my dear, I was in a pretty situation, I had neither hat nor cloak :—But throwing my white handkerchief round my neck, I sallied forth. Lord B—— seemed to be pleased with this mark of condescension. But, alas! he did not long continue

tinue this complaisant behaviour. We was no sooner out of sight of the servants, then he clasped me in his arms with a transport that quite shocked me.—I tore myself from him, and falling on my knees—begged him by all the ties of honour and humanity not to deprive me of my virtue; which was dearer to me than life itself.—But, the Monster, with the most insolent air, exclaimed,

“Virtue is mine, and I not virtue’s foe,

“Why does she come, where she has

“nought to do;

“Let her with anchorites, not lovers

“tie,

“Courtiers, and they, keep better

“company.”

and

and taking me in his arms, carried me by force into a little grotto, by the side of a wood.—I screamed aloud for relief ;—But the horrid wretch taking a handkerchief out of his pocket, was going to tie it over my mouth.—I struggled to disengage myself, and at last broke from him, and ran with the greatest swiftness towards a little gate which I saw open—he pursued me, but I out ran him ; and without taking any notice of his threats, (which he uttered with the most horrid imprecations) I flew across the heath ;—and turning my head to see if there was any one to whom I could apply for refuge —I espied a phaeton, in which



which was a young gentleman—— attended on horseback, by one footman;—I immediately redoubled my pace towards the carriage; the gentleman who was surprised at seeing a woman, of my genteel appearance, in that unfrequented place, had alighted from the phaeton, and was coming to meet me.—I caught hold of his coat, without knowing what I did.—Oh! sir, exclaimed I—Save me! Save me!—I could say no more, but fainted in his arms; he immediately dispatched his servant to the farm-house for some water, which he sprinkled upon my face—and I soon recovered; when casting up my eyes,

I perceived in my kind deliverer the features of my long lost lover. My surprise, and joy was so great, that I relapsed into a strong fainting fit:—In which, I was conveyed to the farm;—when I recovered, I found myself on a bed, in a neat little chamber—and the charming youth kneeling by my side.—Am I then so happy, said he, as once again to behold my dear Emilia, my long lost angel! Oh! my love, to what accident am I to ascribe this unexpected happiness—to an event, sir, that would have been attended with the most dreadful consequence;—if by the interposition of heaven you had not been sent to my relief.

lief.—Sure no one, (said the noble youth) has dared to treat my Emilia unworthily.—By heavens, if they have, this arm shall revenge your cause—Tell me, my charmer, what meant that exclamation, which you uttered when I first met you.—You will no doubt, my lord, be surprised at meeting me in this place; but more so, at the gaiety of my dress.—I flew from the pursuit of lord B—: Oh! sir, he had the most dishonourable designs upon my virtue. I then, Dorinda, acquainted him with the whole affair. He listened, to me, with a great deal of patience,—and when I had finished, he arose from his seat, and calling for pen and

and ink—sat down to write a challenge.——“ Think not, my Emilia, that a wretch who could  
 “ harbour a thought in prejudice  
 “ of such lovely innocence shall  
 “ go unpunished.”

——I could not, my dear Miss Catsby, discommend his noble spirit, but at the same time was under the most dreadful apprehensions of the fatal consequences that might perhaps ensue, and was resolved, if possible, to prevent their meeting—I intreated him, as he valued my life, not to send the challenge—If Sir, he is possessed of any sensibility, the thoughts of having done an unjustifiable action will be a sufficient punishment—

A man



A man of his vile disposition, needs no other tormentor than his own guilty conscience — Instead of wishing for revenge, I ought to return thanks to Providence for sending me protection in this dreadful crisis—

Charming girl, cried he, in a transport, how few of your sex are possessed of such refined and noble sentiments—As it is your desire I will not send it—But will not our overlooking this dishonourable action, be an encouragement to him to make another attempt on my Emilia—Men of his cast are dangerous enemies to the fair——

But I will not anticipate our present happiness by a supposition of  
what

what I hope will never happen—I have a sister about eight miles distant from this place.—If my dear Emilia will give me leave, I will conduct her there. She is a very worthy woman, and you will be much better accommodated than it is possible you should at this place.

——I did not hesitate one moment to accept this generous proposal, as I thought I should be much safer there than at the farm; but recollecting that I had neither hat nor cloak, and the afternoon was very far advanced, I called the good woman of the house, and asked her if she could furnish me with one—I told her it was indifferent to me what, and I would  
 amply

amply recompence her—The good woman told me, she had never a one that was fit for such a fine lady to wear, but she believed her daughter had, and immediately withdrew to send her—Presently after came in Nancy with two hats and a bonnet—I chose one of the hats, which though none of the most fashionable, was very smart I assure you, Dorinda.—My kind deliverer was very urgent for me to take some refreshment before I left this little hospitable retreat; and as I had not eat any thing for so many hours, I was not at all averse to the proposal—After having signified our intention to our hostess, she presently set before

fore us a little elegant repast, consisting of new laid eggs, with new bread and cream cheese, and plenty of raspberries and cream—Our liquor was some very good cyder—Never, Miss Catby, did I eat a more chearful meal—The amiable man, after rewarding our kind hostess for her trouble, handed me into the pheaton, with a grace peculiar only to himself—The evening was serenely charming—I was so elevated with my present happiness, that I had almost forgot all my former misfortunes—During our delightful journey, we related to each other every incident that had happened since our separation—The noble youth informed me,



me, that his father and brother was gone to rest with their ancestors, and that he had been in possession of the title and estate above six months—That while he was at Paris, his father had proposed several advantageous matches, but that he had always declined them—I still hoped (continued the lovely youth) that I should yet be so fortunate, on my return to England, as to find my beloved Emilia.

“ Hope, of all ills that men endure,

“ That only cheap and universal cure,

“ That pleasant, honest flatterer; for none

“ Flatter unhappy man but that alone.

That, my angel, was my only comfort, and I was determined not

to listen to any proposals whatsoever, till Heaven restored you to my wishes. Tell me then, thou charming girl, may I still hope for an unrival'd place in your esteem ——— I must, Sir, be guilty of the greatest ingratitude, (which is a thing I have an utter dislike to) if I did not esteem the person to whom I am indebted for more than my life, the preservation of my honour—You was before too dear to me for my own peace—But the superiority of your lordship's rank forbids me to hope ——— Talk not, my Emilia, of rank, by merit you are far my superior; rich in every virtue that can adorn your sex—My future happiness depends  
only

only on your friendship——That, my lord, you have long had in the sincerest manner. It is impossible for any one to be insensible to such nobleness of soul——But it is a friendship that forbids me to draw upon you the censure of the world, by uniting yourself to a person so much your inferior.

I value not, my charmer, the reproaches of an ill-natured and censorious world. My Emilia is every thing to me—Give me but her, and let the world forsake me——We by this time, Dorinda, had almost reached the end of our journey, and I began to be in no small confusion concerning the ridiculous figure I should cut at the  
house

house of a stranger——His lordship begged me to be under no uneasiness on that account, as he had dispatched a servant before, with a note to prepare his sister for such an unexpected, but (added he) welcome visitor—Charlotte (continued the amiable man) is a very worthy woman—She has been two years married to a captain of an East Indiaman, who is now upon a voyage.—She was the only person that was the confident of my love to my dearest Emilia—Charlotte has often heard me lament the loss of my dearest girl, and has frequently expressed a great desire to see the lady that had captivated that heart, which (she always used



to tell me) was formed of adamant  
 — On our arrival, we were met  
 at the gate by this amiable lady.  
 She saluted me with all the free-  
 dom of an old acquaintance; and  
 turning to her brother,—“ For-  
 tune has been very favourable,  
 my lord, in restoring to you this  
 amiable lady—I am impatient to  
 know by what means you at-  
 tained this unexpected blessing.”  
 That, my dear, must be reserved  
 for our evening’s subject; (replied  
 his lordship) but I assure you, my  
 Emilia is a perfect atalanta at a  
 race—Mrs. Delaval then con-  
 ducted us into an elegant parlour,  
 where tea and coffee was prepared;  
 when we had drank tea, his lord-  
 ship


ship related to his amiable sister your Emilia's affecting story.

Our evening was spent (or rather enjoyed) in the most agreeable manner—True joy appeared on every face—I was under no uneasiness, but that which arose from the thoughts that my worthy friends at B—— was still in the greatest anxiety on my account—Mrs. Delaval, (who is goodness itself) finding that I was desirous of acquainting Lady Meadows with my safety, immediately wrote a note herself, and dispatched it by one of her own servants—I now began to be more cheerful—Oh, Miss Catsby! I never till now had tasted true happiness, unallayed by pain—

pain—My amiable lover listening with rapture to every word that fell from my lips, and his charming sister equally studious to please—

She insists upon my continuing with her a month, in which time, she tells me, she hopes I shall be prevailed ~~on~~ to make her Edward happy, by giving him my hand at the sacred altar—His lordship joins in entreaties, that I will not refuse

them my company—Two powerful advocates, my dear—I fear I shall not be able to withstand them

 Methinks I hear you ask, what I have done, to have been so long without cloaths? And indeed, my Dorinda, it is no unnecessary question—My white sack is almost  
of

of a saffron hue—But Mrs. Delaval has very genteelly made me an offer of her wardrobe till my cloaths are sent.

I believe I must ask the favour of my dear Miss Catby to take the trouble of sending whatever she thinks necessary—But beg you will not forget my diamond buckles; they are in the little drawer of my cabinet, in the dressing-room—and you may send my habit—I shall perhaps have occasion for it while I continue here—You can't imagine, Dorinda, what a charming situation this is; the bow window, from which I am writing, commands the finest prospect I ever beheld—I think I could ne-



ver be tired with this agreeable subject; but lest I should trespass on your patience, will conclude this long epistle, with assuring my dearest friend, that in every change of fortune,

I shall always remain her  
ever sincere

EMILIA.

My compliments to Miss Clayton. We are going a fishing this afternoon; I wish my Dorinda was here to partake of our diversion.

LET-

LETTER XII.

*Lord L——, to the Honourable Mr.  
FITZROY.*

*Grove Park.*

**O**H, my friend! how intricate  
are the ways of Providence—  
In my last I informed you, that  
every method to discover the place  
where my Emilia had sequester'd  
herself, had proved ineffectual—But  
chance has in one moment wrought  
that, which all my care and affi-  
duity could not effect.

But to be brief; I was last week  
taking a ride in my new phaeton,  
attended only by one servant—As

I was

I was passing over a common, (on the side of which stands an old ruinous mansion, belonging to Lord B——) I heard the sound of a female voice, screaming as if in distress; when turning my head to see from whence it came, I beheld a young lady running towards me with the greatest swiftness—I alighted, and advanced to meet her—She caught hold of my coat, seemingly in the greatest terror, and in faltering accents, cried out, Oh Sir! save me, save me—She could say no more, but fainted in my arms. Ye gods, how great was my surprize, but greater still my joy, when I beheld in her pale languid face, the features of my  
long

long lost girl—I was half frantick with grief, at seeing her in this dreadful situation, and immediately sent my servant to an adjacent farm-house for some water—He presently returned, with an invitation from the good people to bring the lady there—I gladly accepted the invitation, as I found it was not in my power to recover my Emilia; and placing myself in the phaeton, with my lovely charge reclined in my arms, I drove gently to the house—Oh Harry! words are insufficient to express my transports, when I found I was not only remember'd, but belov'd. — I clasped the lovely maid to my throbbing bosom, and for the first



first time imprinted a tender kiss on her coral lips—She modestly withdrew herself from my embraces, intreated me to forget her, and with a charming blush said, she could not think of making such an ill return to my friendship, as to draw upon me the censure of the world, by uniting myself to a person so much my inferior—Oh my friend! she is possessed of a greatness of soul that I never met with in any of the sex.

But I must acquaint you by what accident she was conveyed into that remote place.—I think you are not unacquainted with the character of that wretched libertine Lord B——. He had seen the  
lovely

lovely girl at a ball, and had carried her by force to this dismal spot.—The very appearance of the place bespeaks it to be consecrated to plot and mischief.—Had not Providence sent me to the dear girl's relief, she would (Oh, I tremble to think of it) perhaps have fallen a sacrifice to his lustful inclinations.—Upon the sight of me the cowardly wretch made a quick retreat—I would have sent him a challenge immediately, but Emilia urged me in such pathetic terms not to think of it, that I dare not persist, lest I should occasion a relapse of those faintings from which we had with so much difficulty recover'd her.—After taking  
some

some little refreshment, and satisfying our hostess for her trouble, I conducted my amiable girl to my sister's ; where, by the earnest solicitations of Charlotte, (who is almost as much charmed with her as your friend) she is to continue some weeks—Oh Harry! with what pleasure do I listen to her soft harmonious voice, accompanied by the harpsicord—It is not in the power of words to describe half her excellencies—There is a majesty, blended with innocence in her look, that would strike an awe into the boldest heart——Not all the riches of the East could have made me happy, if I had not found my adorable girl to share it with me—

me.—Yes, Harry, she will now be mine, by the sacred Hymeneal knot—possessed of her I shall be happy beyond the reach of misfortunes. I know by the libertine class of mortals—I shall be looked upon as a very unfashionable wretch, even to think, of entering into matrimonial engagements with a person who can boast no greater honours—than those of beauty and virtue; but with men of that class I shall not be desirous of associating—nor with any one who can make honour a subject of ridicule.—I am going tomorrow to give orders for some preparations in my town-house for the reception of my dear Emilia; as I propose spending the greatest  
part



part of the winter in London.—  
When I hope on your return from  
Paris, I shall have the happiness of  
seeing my friend. Farewell, may  
every earthly felicity attend my  
Harry—and believe me to be,

With the greatest sincerity

your happy friend,

EDWARD L—

## LETTER XIII.

*Miss CATSBY, to Miss FAULKNER.*

ACCEPT, my dear Emilia,  
the sincerest congratulations  
of an absent friend—words can't  
half express the joy with which I  
was inspired, on the sight of your  
long wished for epistle: But how  
much greater pleasure did I receive  
in finding that Providence had re-  
stored to you the amiable man,  
who had so long been in possession  
of your heart.—I would not put up  
with the absence of my Emilia, on  
any other occasion, then that which  
contributes so much to her own  
happiness.—Oh! my love, with  
what

what various sensations did I read your letter.—Sometimes I exclaimed in the most violent manner, against that base seducer man;—at others I was struck with wonder and amazement, at the dark mysterious ways of Providence.—I really think this little adventure of yours will induce me to become a Predestinarian.—Your meeting with lord L——, in that unexpected crisis, was certainly ordained by fate.—I am quite charmed with your description of his tender and delicate behaviour, and equally so, with the character of his amiable sister.—I have lately been so much taken up with thinking of my Emilia, that I had almost forgot

forgot to mention my lover.—Sir George has been at his feat in Yorkshire above a week.—What a tedious absence, my dear.—I received a letter this morning, in which he acquaints me, that he returns to-morrow.—My father seems to regret his absence, much more than myself.—I have been very happy in the society of Miss Clayton; she is possessed of an inexhaustible fund of vivacity, that renders her perfectly agreeable.—Captain Pierce is very assiduous in attending us in all our little excursions, and I believe entertains no small regard for my lively friend;—but whenever he urges his tender suite, she only  
returns



returns it with raillery.—Since my Emilia left us, we have finished the carpet for my dressing room. I wish you could see it.—The shading of the flowers, at the corners, is much better fancied than the oval.—Miss Clayton has really a very pretty taste for tent.—But I must throw aside my pen, to attend some company that Sally tells me are below.——Adieu! my dear, I shall expect a letter very soon. In which expectation I remain,

My dear Emilia's ever

Sincere Friend,

D. CATSBY.

LE T-

LETTER XIV.

*Miss* EMILIA FAULKNER, to *Miss*  
CATSBY.

*Grove Park.*——

O H, my Dorinda! what a happy girl is your Emilia; can I enough be thankful for the blessings I receive.——Our time is spent with all that chearfulness and gaiety, that result from innocent and happy minds.—We generally pass our mornings in fishing or riding.—Mrs. Deleval has an excellent library: as I am very fond of reading, I pass an hour or two every day, in perusing the works of some worthy man, who  
has

has long since paid the debt of nature, and is gone to rest with his ancestors.—As this good lady is a very great œconomist, and always inspects the affairs of her (well regulated) family herself.—I usually take that opportunity of fauntering to a little temple in the park, with my book.—As I was the other day sitting in this little retreat, I was agreeably surprized by the appearance of my amiable lover—he seated himself by me, and after some indifferent subjects—with the most enchanting tenderness, intreated me in the most pathetic terms, to put an end to his solicitations, by fixing a time in which, (as he was pleased

to

to say) he should receive the greatest blessing this world could bestow. —I blushed, my dear, at his taking me thus unawares—and was unable to make any reply.—May I then, my angel, (said the charming man) interpret your silence in favour of myself.—Your lordship, but too well knows your power, replied I, in the greatest confusion—But, indeed, you must excuse my talking on this subject. Mrs. Delevall will wonder what is become of us—and away I trip'd—he followed us with an angel's swiftness—and snatching the moment of love—so strongly pleaded his cause, that I was obliged to summon all my fortitude to resist his charming



charming intreaties—We met his amiable sister, coming down the walk—to meet us—his lordship immediately referred his cause to her.

——It was not in the power of woman to withstand them both; and I, at length, yielded to their joint intreaties.—I have wrote to my sister to acquaint her with my happiness; and by lord L——’s desire, have given her an invitation to spend a few months at L—park. I shall now, Miss Catsby, enjoy the supreme pleasure of making others happy, “To relieve the poor  
“and needy, and make the widow’s  
“heart to sing for joy.” A happiness to me far surpassing all others—I have heard that Maria’s

situation has been for some time very disagreeable—and while I am in affluence myself, I cannot bear to think of my sister being unhappy without endeavouring to alleviate her distress.

This charming man, Dorinda, has just now entered my dressing-room, and begs leave to add a line or two to my epistle. Shall I resign him my pen?

Your amiable friend, Miss Catby, has condescended to make me the happiest of my sex—by promising to bestow on me her lovely hand at the altar, next Thursday. May I hope, Miss Clayton, and yourself, will add to the inexpressible happiness I shall then enjoy by  
graci n

gracing our nuptials with your presence. I shall take your lovely friend to my seat at L— Park next Monday, when we shall impatiently expect your arrival—I have, Madam, the honour to be, though unknown,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD L—.

Well, my dear, what say you to this epistle? May I hope to see my Dorinda?—I shall not think myself completely happy if my friend is absent.—Sir George was formerly an acquaintance of Lord L—'s when at the university, and is very desirous of renewing their friendship

ship—His company will perhaps be an inducement to my Dorinda to accept my Edward's invitation.

Oh, my friend! I have just received a letter from my mother-in-law, that informs me Maria has left her house almost a year, but to what part of the world she is gone, she cannot give me any information—What could induce her to leave home, a place where she was so much caress'd?—Perhaps she is now in a state of abject servitude, and I, ignorant to what part of the world she is gone, cannot have the comfort of relieving her——I dare say the misconduct of her mother has driven her from  
home;



home ; that fickle woman could never long attach herself to any one——Poor Maria, how much I feel for you——Wretched and friendless as you are, in a wide world, beset with every temptation——Such, alas ! might have been my fate, if Providence had not blessed me with a kind protectress——But I must not indulge these gloomy thoughts ; there is a possibility of my sister's having met with a friend equally as kind to her as Lady Summer's was to me——Mrs. Deleval desires my company in the Park——The air will perhaps help to banish these melancholy reflections——Write immediately my dear, and make me happy, by promising

missing to meet us at L— Park  
with your worthy lover; and as-  
sure yourself, my dear Dorinda, that  
I shall always remain

your sincere

EMILIA,

though not long

FAULKNER.

LET-

## LETTER XV.

*Miss* CLAYTON, to *Miss* LOUISA  
CLAYTON.

I COULD not let the post pass by without acquainting my dear sister that Lord L—— has sent an invitation to *Miss* Catsby and myself to be present at his nuptials with the lovely Emilia.—*Miss* Meadows (who has lately become Mrs. Freemour) is to be of our party. We are wholly taken up in preparations for this joyful occasion—Sir George is endeavouring to persuade Dorinda to give him  
her

her hand on the same day that unites the other amiable pair—But I am afraid all his eloquence will not prevail—The teasing girl declares she will not part with her liberty, till she sees how the chains of matrimony fit on her friend—Her father has this morning been talking to her on the same subject, but has met with no better success than her lover—The lively pufs has been just now asking me what I would do, if I was in her situation.

——Why, my dear, your question is very easily answered, (replied I), I would without any hesitation give my hand, where I had so long bestowed my heart, and not defer my own happiness for the  
fake



sake of a little ill-timed gaiety——  
 And positively, Jenny, these are  
 your sagacious sentiments, (said  
 the wild girl). But I am ready to  
 think, Louisa, she will be brought  
 to change her resolution before next  
 Thursday——I must trust to my  
 dear sister to chuse me a genteel  
 figured white silk, for I intend to  
 be in *statu quo*, I assure you—You  
 know, my dear, that the being  
 neat as a bride, is a great step to-  
 wards being made one——We are  
 going this afternoon to drink tea in  
 a magnificent pavilion of Sir George  
 Selvyn's, that is lately finished, in  
 which is fixed a complete band of  
 musick—all this, my dear, in com-  
 pliment to Dorinda. Mr. Catsby  
 intends

intends going with us—I am really quite concerned to see this worthy man so visibly declining in his health—His spirits, since he has been in the country, are surprisingly mended—But alas ! my Louisa, it is but too apparent to me, that he labours under a very heavy load of complaints. I sincerely wish his amiable daughter may be prevailed upon to give her hand to the baronet, as I am convinced it would be a very great satisfaction to Mr. Catsby to see her so happily married ; and notwithstanding she affects to be displeased with our solicitations—I know the dear girl tenderly loves Sir George—Nay, she has long ago confessed it in her letters

letters——But I am called upon to give my opinion of some filks, so must throw aside my pen to attend the mercer——

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, Louisa, the good man exposed us to the greatest temptation, by exhibiting to our view a very great choice of beautiful patterns——Dorinda has pitched upon several very rich filks——By that I am ready to think she begins to entertain a more favourable opinion of this same matrimony, or she would not make such great preparations——I prefer your ladyship's taste to my own, and have been able to see this grand bed of tulips without plucking one——Next Monday we set out  
for

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for the seat of Lord L——. I intend dedicating an hour every day, while we continue there, for writing to my dearest sister—All here join in sincere respects—I am,

My dear Louisa,

your's affectionately,

J. CLAYTON.

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